A moſt wonderful and ſad judgement of God upon one

Dorothy Mattley late of *Aſhover* in the County of *Darby*, within fourteen miles of the ſaid Town of Darby; who for ſo ſmall a thing as two ſingle pennies which ſhe was charged with the taking of from a boy, did moſt preſumptuouſly with ſad imprecations wiſh and deſire, that if ſhe had taken or ſtole the ſame, that the ground might open and ſhe ſink therein, which by her neighbours relation was an expreſſion very common with her; but ſo it pleaſed God to deal, that upon the ſame words the ground did open, and ſhe with a Tub which ſhe was waſhing Lead-Ore in ſunk into the ground, to the amazement of the beholders, and the ground cloſed again upon her, as here underneath it is more fully declared; and this was done upon the 23 of March 1660. All which may well ſerve for an example to all wretches of this age whatſoever, who to advance themſelves by falſhood, or for the trifles of this world, take to themſelves aſſumptions, and imprecations, nay will not at all ſtand to forſwear themſelves to compaſs their own ends, as if there was no God or judgment to be expected; but they may hereby take notice that ſome time God will puniſh ſuch creatures even in this life for example ſake; yet if not here, their reward will be according to their works hereafter, and none ſhall be able to let it. The tune is, Fortune my Foe.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Liſten a while dear friends I do you pray,
And mark the words that I to you ſhall ſay
A wonder ſtrange I mean for to declare,
In this our time, I think without compare.

It happened of March, the three & twentieth day
As we in England do compute and ſay:
It happened above expreſt, this thing was done,
To many peoples admiration.

Aſhover parith in fair Darby-ſhire,
Where God did manifeſt his dreadful Ire,
Upon one Dorothy Matley called by name,
As many neighbours can attеſt the ſame.

This wicked wretch it ſeems did think to get
Two ſingle pennies from a boy by cheat
And when they asked her for them, ſtill & more
They were demanded, ſhe the ſtiffer ſwore:

So he had them not, but would ſul ſadly ſcold,
And with ſad imprecations be ſo bold:
As to deſire from God, if ever ſhe
The ſame ere had, ſhe might example be.

Unto the world, if ſhe ſuch things had done,
Although there was more then ſuſpition
To prove the ſame, yet ſhe did it deny,
And to her neighbours ſtill would ſay and cry.

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To prove the ſame, yet ſhe did it deny,
And to her neighbours ſtill would ſay and cry.

IF I this money ſtele, or it be found
With me, then let me ſink into the ground,
In this place whereas I ſtand and let me be
Example to you all that do me ſee.

Her neighbours preſent wiſhes that ſhe would
Ceaſe imprecations, and not be ſo bold
As to provoke her Maker, but ſtill ſhe
Did uſe the ſame and never would it flee.

But here my pen methinks is at a ſtand,
To think how God by his revenging hand,
Moſt juſtly did this wicked wretch confound,
And ſhe alive forthwith into the ground.

Begins to ſink, a thing it is full ſad,
She ſcretched cryed for help, but none ſhe had
One for the ſomething moved, but ſuddenly
Straight down ſhe went with a moſt hideous cry

When ſhe was ſunk the ground forthwith did
And did return unto the firſt repoſe. (cloſe
Which made all for to muſe that did it ſee
And much admire that ſuch a thing ſhould be.

Her neighbours ſome of them would dig to find;
This woful wretch, to ſatisfie their mind
They found her buried in the ground ſo deep,
Which would have made the hardeſt heart to weep

As for the Tub not yet ſpoke of before
Wherein the wretched woman waſhed her Ware
It clear was gone, not yet found out by man,
As many of her neighbours witneſs can.

This then may ſerve to perſons of this age,
To learn them from provoking God to rage
By Oaths, Aſſumptions, and falſe imprecations,
Leaſt they pull down his vengeance on their Nations.

For he it is that can diſcern aright,
The meaneſt Subject and the greateſt Wight.
Each one according to his works ſhall have
From the juſt one, he needs it not to crave,

Thus have I done what here I did intend
Nothing but love unto my Country friend,
Gods wonders to declare, I think 'tis juſt
That they may not lye buried in the duſt.

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In the beg. of March 166[illegible]